

Doriman, seeing him pale, offered his assistance, which Strephon refused. Doriman, in a kind of ill humour departed, but the voice of his uncle still pursued him ; and his soul, shaken by this puissant thunder, became confounded.

He returned ;—he wished to banish from his memory this violent scene : he now discovered, in spite of himself, a dawn of virtue. We bear in the centre of our hearts, an upright judge. That judge which had been so long asleep in the heart of Doriman, was awakened at the voice of his uncle. This was the first part of virtue which flew from that obstinate soul.

Doriman was greatly agitated ; he walked about without knowing whither he went. An inward sentiment abased him ; and he became contemptible in his own eyes. The well-meant reproofs of his uncle began to operate, and his voice was heard with as much attention as if it had been the sacred organ of truth and virtue. He trembled : shame sat upon his countenance. He felt an inclination to examine his heart, and conciliate the ideas within it. He shut himself up ; he reflected on what he had heard, and what he had seen : the virtuous eloquence of his uncle ; that vehemence, which he could not but approve ; that tenderness which shone through his noble rage. He pictured to himself the extatic  
pleasure

pleasure which Strephon enjoyed on an unfortunate father ; that rapture manifested itself by tears that were interfeited, but flowed spontaneous heart. The sensibility of the one gratitude of the other ; the rapid transition from joy to sorrow when he saw the gentleman cast his eyes upon him ; the horror which he could not repress, these reflections inspired him with a notion of himself. Ah ! said he, a cruel hand has plucked off the veil from me my own deformity ! Is this virtue that will recompence the made to it ? Is there a pleasure in benevolence and munificence ? It is for my uncle finds himself happy, and esteemed ; whilst I (to my shame) am miserable and contemptible, very bosom of my riches.

Taught by this example, let despair of overcoming any vice when opposed by reason.

## MORAL.

*Avarice is its own punishment, and benevolence procure true content to the generous and humane..*